IMF consider international bailout funds and other mechanics that deal with global economic problems, the Congress must not be idle.

Mr. President, the Congress must remain vigilant in its efforts to protect taxpayers' dollars. We will be watching for the full payment from the Mexican Government at the end of this month, and we will be closely reviewing any proposed international bailout fund. If the administration is ready to declare the Mexican bailout a success, then we should have immediate repayment of the entire $12.5 billion of taxpayers' money.

Mr. President, I yield the floor.

PRAISING SOUTH DAKOTA YOUNG PEOPLE

Mr. PRESSLER. Mr. President, I rise today to praise Paul Glader, a young man from my home State of South Dakota. Although only 17, Paul has accomplished much. At his young age, he already is an experienced, successful journalist, having published several articles in local and regional newspapers. Paul is, indeed, a talented, articulate person.

I always am pleased and impressed with the accomplishments of young South Dakotans. Paul and other talented, young South Dakotans represent the future of my State. I am proud of their successes. I encourage and support their efforts.

Mr. President, Paul recently sent me three articles he published while working as a news editorial intern at the Indianapolis News. The articles demonstrate that Paul Glader has a promising, exciting future. I look forward to seeing more of Paul's work as he pursues his career. I am pleased to ask unanimous consent that three of his columns be printed in the RECORD at the end of my remarks. Again, my congratulations to Paul Glader. I wish him continued success.

There being no objection, the material was ordered to be printed in the RECORD, as follows:

[From the Indianapolis News, July 6, 1995]

CHANGING PRISONERS' PATHS

(By Paul Glader)

An innovative prison industry program in Florida is proof that prisons sometimes can develop good citizens rather than hardened criminals.

At a prison in Dade County, 85 inmates manufacture modular homes for Prison Rehabilitative Industries & Diversified Enterprises Inc., better known as PRIDE. While they work, they learn marketable skills in carpentry, electrical installation, plumbing and air conditioning.

During fiscal 1993–94, more than 5,200 Florida inmates worked for PRIDE. Today, some of the men grow crops and livestock, while others learn upholstery, printing, dentistry, optical work, tire retreading, computers, merchandise or architecture.

Since PRIDE was chartered by the Florida Legislature in 1981, the corporation has operated 57 industries at 22 state correctional institutions across Florida.

By now, you are wondering how much it costs Florida taxpayers to pay PRIDE.

Nothing.

By non-profit, public/private corporation finished in the black this year with gross sales of $78 million and net earnings of $4 million. Out of that $4 million, it paid nearly $1.2 million to the Department of Correction for inmate incarceration, $635,000 for inmate services and $261,000 for victim restitution, retaining a $1.9 million surplus.

Obviously, the program works well economically. But that is not the only benefit and certainly not the most important.

Through teaching skills, PRIDE reduces prison idleness, provides incentive for good behavior and reduces the cost to state government.

PRIDE also is placing prisoners in jobs after they leave prison. Many are becoming productive rather then destructive citizens because of newfound skills and character.

David Jackson, a former inmate and PRIDE worker, now works at Premdor Inc. of Tampa and makes wood doors, Premdor General Manager Frank Moore said that David started as a laborer and worked his way up to lead man of the paint department, supervising three other workers.

Jackson recently was named employee of the month at Premdor, ''I love my job,'' he said. Jackson also said he learned a work ethic at PRIDE of staying with a project until it was finished and doing the best possible quality of work.

A tracking study of 3,876 PRIDE graduates from 1991 through 1994 showed 873 of them had jobs upon release from prison. Of those 873, only 11 percent returned to prison. That is significant compared to the national recidivism rate of 70 percent.

PRIDE officials said that they help prisoners with housing, transportation, clothing and support when they are released so they can land on their feet and start working right away.

Sometimes PRIDE employees have an extra motivation for hard work. Female inmates in PRIDE's textile industry sew their own garments. Briefs they sew are purchased by all female correctional institutions in Florida. They may end up wearing what they made.

PRIDE workers also have made silk screen decals for St. Petersburg police cars. These inmates, who may have ridden in the cars as detainees before sprucing them up, impressed Officer Pete Venero. ''They do fantastic work for real competitive prices,'' he said.

From a public policy standpoint, PRIDE is like a glass of ice water to a parched throat.

Both political parties sing the woeful ballads of prison overcrowding, repeat offenders and prisons' cost to taxpayers. Here is a remedy that works.

There is a lesson here for Indiana, Mayor Stephen Goldsmith has brought the idea of privatization and competition to city government. The race for governor in 1996 ought to include some PRIDE-like proposals for expanding Indiana's prison industries.

[From the Indianapolis News, May 24, 1995]

SAYING BYE TO BACKYARD NUKES

(By Paul Glader)

I lived with the Cold War in may backyard.

Ranchers around my area in remote South Dakota sold 1.5-acre sections of their land to serve as nuclear missile launch pads for the U.S. Air Force nearly 30 years ago. More than 13,500 acres in South Dakota were used for this purpose.

The government purposefully put the missiles in states such as South Dakota, North Dakota and Wyoming because of their low populations.

Razor wire surrounded the spots, and missile silos tunneled 60 feet below the surface. A Minuteman II missile rested inside each silo. Small bases were built to house the soldiers who monitored the groups of missile sites.

Occasionally, the soldiers would allow schoolchildren to tour the bases, where they would explain how the missiles program worked. In general, however, people in the area understood little about the international significance of the projectiles in their pastures.

To think that this prairie—their homes and cattle industry—could be in the sights of the Soviet Union's military was a sick contrast to the quiet, peaceful ranch country.

Cows grazed around the sites. The high-tech mesh of metal and wires contrasted with the dry rolling plains.

My sister and I would use the missile stations as checkpoints when we rode our bikes up the long gravel roads.

Armored vehicles periodically zoomed up and down the roads to check on disturbances at the missile sites. Often, the culprits were only birds flying past the radar.

Nearly two years ago, the Air Force vehicles stopped zooming past.

Camouflaged personnel disappeared.

Monstrous Air Force semi-trucks came and hauled away the unearthed missiles.

For a time, the silos lay empty.

Then the government contracted with blasting firms to come and implode the silos with dynamite. This measure was required under the START I treaty.

While home this winter, I covered the blast project for several newspapers in my area. The Air Force officials let the rancher push the button to detonate the implosion on his land. Rather than watching catastrophic destruction, I witnessed a small BOOM and a mushroom puff of dirt.

It is the end of an era for the U.S. military.

The Cold War seemed like a gigantic game of chicken that never developed. We can be thankful, however, that the weapon-holders didn't act prematurely.

Sometimes when you hear about highly complex international disarmament pacts such as the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty and START I and II treaties, it is easy to be confused. It is easy to wonder, ''Are they actually disarming?''

But you can be assured by South Dakota's common people that START treaties are followed on this side of the ocean.

The missile wing in ranch country brought down utility bills, and the Air Force paid for maintenance of the gravel roads. On one hand, many of us were disappointed to see the money leave our vast, poor land.

On the other hand, people there may find joy in the fact that we finally may be off the Russian surveillance system.

But in the perspective of most, the missiles and personnel just came and went.

Life hasn't changed too much for us. We still have to fight our own Cold War every winter when we put on our coveralls and go feed the cows.

[From the Indianapolis News, July 20, 1995]

LEAVING THE FRONTIER LAND

(By Paul Glader)

Leaving a place called Opal to move to the other side of South Dakota with my family last month was the most difficult departure I've ever made.

Actually, Opal is not a town; it is a ranching community. It has a post office (run by a ranchwife in her basement); a K–8 school (two rooms located seven miles east of the post office); a fire department (a rancher's garage storing two watertanks on gooseneck trailers ready to hitch to a pickup); and a small community church.

During the first week after our family moved to the small, double-wide trailer-

house at Opal, we found out some of the fringe benefits of my father's position as country preacher to this ranching community: Mail comes three times a week; everybody burns his own trash; you don't have to respect the 55 mph signs that dot the vast system of gravel roads; and rattlesnakes will keep you company when you are lonely.

Some visitors to Opal likened the place to a desert with its dry, yellow grasslands. But those who live around Opal feel it's a haven, partly because some of them own 10,000 or more acres of ranchland there. Their ranches are their castles and their sources of income.

My family did not own cattle or land. We were outsiders coming in. We adapted to the area and loved the people but still felt separate. You have to be born into a ranch family to be a cowboy. I knew I would never become one.

But now that we have moved from Opal, I see the profound impact Opal and its people had on my life, even though I remained a city-slicker while I was there.

A natural development for young boys was to seek work as a junior ranch hand. I worked for many ranchers, mostly hoeing tree patches, cleaning sheep barns, occasionally driving tractors and helping with sheep shearings.

One rancher, Clair Weiss, often had me hoe his eight-row tree patch. (Each row, by the way, was about 200 yards long.) I remember baking in the sun while chopping the 3-foot high weeds down from around the small cedar trees.

Some boys who grow up on the plains love the adventuresome, back-breaking cowboy life and grow up to own ranches. As I hoed my way past long rows of trees, I knew I couldn't spend my life in this place. But I realized that somehow, this exhausting labor in the hot sun would be to my benefit in the long run.

I knew I had to finish the job, and do it well, or Weiss wouldn't be pleased with me. Today, I cherish that early lesson complete with blisters and sunburn because the work ethic has stayed with me in jobs since them.

When I was 14, I met a hermit. He lived three miles from me as a crow flies. Through the years, he has become one of my best friends. He left art, academia and business to find truth and serenity away from the fast-paced world. He only gets to town about twice a year for supplies.

This modern-day hermit counseled me to continue learning rather than spend my time on pleasure, as did many of my peers.

He always told me of his new experiments with animals, such as training his dog, geese, turkeys and pheasants to get along. He also trained his geese to fly alongside his pickup truck.

He started teaching me photography, and took my senior pictures for no charge. He had dinner with my family and made dinner for our family many times.

We talked on the phone at least three times a week. Our conversations ranged from the adverse effects of Keynesian economics to gardening techniques.

He understood my desires for culture, knowledge and success because he once had them.

He calls me his grandson. I call him ''grampaw.'' Now that I am gone, our relationship will have to be maintained through phone calls and letters instead of regular get-togethers.

I miss my ascetic grampaw. I miss the boots, wranglers, belt buckles and cowboy hats.

Sometimes we don't realize the good things until we have left them. Now that I have moved, I see there is no place on earth like Opal.

TRIBUTE TO NORMAN SANDAGER

Mr. PRESSLER. Mr. President, today I rise to pay special tribute to Norman Sandager, a South Dakotan and a veteran of the Korean war. Norman represents the very best our Nation sent to Korea when on June 25, 1950, the North Korean People's Army swept over the 38th parallel in an effort to extinguish the light of freedom for the people of South Korea. As a U.S. marine, and commander of a machine gun squadron, Norman Sandager helped thrust back an invading tide of communist aggression in South Korea. In fact, Norman successfully led his machine gun squadron of 13 men through 200 days of combat without losing a single soldier or taking any wounded in his group. Norman's achievement speaks highly of his courage and commitment.

Mr. President, the Korean war is sometimes referred to as the ''forgotten war,'' possibly because it so closely followed the Second World War and was in many ways overshadowed by the divisive Vietnam war. Nevertheless, Norman's service and sacrifice are not forgotten. Norman put his life in harm's way by crossing the 38th parallel five times on behalf of a people he did not know except for the shared bond of liberty and freedom. In doing so he has enobled himself and our Nation. It is for his service and the service of thousands of brave, patriotic Americans that we recently dedicated the Korean War Memorial—a moving tribute to those who served. As a Vietnam veteran myself, having served in the United States Army, I extend my sincere appreciation for his answering the call to duty more than 40 years ago.

REMOVAL OF INJUNCTION OF SECRECY—EXTRADITION TREATY WITH BOLIVIA, TREATY DOCUMENT NO. 104–22

Mrs. KASSEBAUM. Mr. President, as in executive session, I ask unanimous consent that the injunction of secrecy be removed from the Extradition Treaty with Bolivia, Treaty Document No. 104–22, transmitted to the Senate by the President on October 10, 1995; that the treaty be considered as having been read for the first time; referred, with accompanying papers, to the Committee on Foreign Relations and ordered to be printed; and ordered that the President's message be printed in the RECORD.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

The message of the President is as follows:

To the Senate of the United States:

With a view to receiving the advice and consent of the Senate to ratification, I transmit herewith the Extradition Treaty Between the Government of the United States of America and the Government of the Republic of Bolivia, signed at La Paz on June 27, 1995.

I transmit also, for the information of the Senate, the report of the Department of State with respect to the Treaty, and copies of diplomatic notes dated June 27, 1995, which were exchanged at the time of signing of the Treaty. Those notes set forth the expectations of the two Governments regarding the types of assistance each Government would provide to the other in extradition proceedings, pursuant to Article XVI of the Treaty.

The Treaty establishes the conditions and procedures for extradition between the United States and Bolivia. It also provides a legal basis for temporarily surrendering prisoners to stand trial for crimes against the laws of the Requesting State.

The Treaty represents an important step in combatting narcotics trafficking and terrorism, by providing for the mandatory extradition of nationals of the Requested State in a broad range of serious criminal offenses.

The provisions in this Treaty are substantively similar to those of other extradition treaties recently concluded by the United States.

This Treaty will make a significant contribution to international cooperation in law enforcement. I recommend that the Senate give early and favorable consideration to the Treaty and give its advice and consent to ratification.

WILLIAM J. CLINTON.

THE WHITE HOUSE, *October 10, 1995.*

ORDERS FOR WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1995

Mrs. KASSEBAUM. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that when the Senate completes its business today it stand in recess until the hour of 10:15 a.m., on Wednesday, October 11, 1995; that following the prayer, the Journal of proceedings be deemed approved to date, the time for the two leaders be reserved for their use later in the day; and that there then be a period for morning business until the hour of 11:30 a.m., with Senators permitted to speak for up to 5 minutes each with the exception of the following: Senator WARNER 20 minutes, Senator GRAMS 10 minutes, Senator DASCHLE 30 minutes.

I further ask unanimous consent that at 11:30 a.m., the Senate resume consideration of S. 143, the Workforce Development Act.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

PROGRAM

Mrs. KASSEBAUM. Mr. President, for the information of all Senators the Senate will resume the Workforce Development Act tomorrow at 11:30 a.m. Rollcall votes can be expected on or in relation to any remaining amendments to that bill. And it is the majority leader's hope that the Senate will complete action on S. 143 at an early hour on Wednesday.

Following the completion of that bill, the Senate may begin consideration of the State Department reorganization bill, if available.